THE AGONY OF A CROWD.

20.000 FRENZIED PEOPLE BE-SIEGE POLICE STATION.

Piercing Walls as Bodies Are Carried In-Frantic Rushes to Storm Doors -Heartrending Scenes as Relatives Identified the Dead-Vain Comfert.

The corpses found floating near the Bronx shore south of North Brother Island immediately after the General Slocum was beached were piled in heaps at the 138th street dook until the police were organized to handle the great crowds that assembled and arrangements made to lay them out for identification at the police station in Alexander avenue.

Then they were carried from the dock to the station in patrol wagons as fast as they were brought in by tugs, launches and rowboats. Meanwhile police reserves lined the shore.

The first bodies were brought to the station about 11:30. Then there was a crowd of perhaps 500 people in front of the building. All struggled to get a nearer view as the stretchers were carried from the wagons to the big rollcall room. These 500 were people who lived in the neigh-borhood, who had no personal interest in the catastrophe.

An hour later there were 10,000 in the streets, struggling to beat down the solid wall of policemen that guarded the door-ways and sidewalk. These came, most of them, from the neighborhod of St. Mark's Church. They knew that a large proportion of the General Slocum's passengers had perished, and they were determined to fight their way into the station house to find out if a sister, or a mother, or a sweetheart, or a child was in there, dead.

Men were cursing and shouting. Women were crying, embracing one another, calling out through the crowd to know if any one had heard of this one or that one, begging the police to let them in to set their fears at rest.

A DESPERATE BUSH.

One desperate rush was made. Detective Prundy, guarding the front with fifty plain clothes and uniformed men, slammed the heavy doors and policemen set their backs against them. Prundy called out in a voice that was heard above the tumult of curses and screams:

Men and women, we must keep you out now. We are sorry for you. We will help you in every way; but you must wait until we've made arrangements to let in a few at a time. If you force us, we'll have to fight back."

A big burly German, his face convulsed, tears running down his cheeks, burst through the police line and threw himself like a maniac against the door. The heavy glass splintered and fell crashing to the floor. A dozen cops held him until he was

Sympathizing women of the neighborhood, most of them Germans like the griefstricken, half-crazed people from the lower East Side, went about through the crowd doing their best to comfort and caim the hysterical ,screaming women.

Every few minutes a patrol wagon from the 138th street pier would come, horses galloping, to the station. Then the crowd would catch a horrible glimpse of a pile of bodies in the wagon, limbs twisted and contorted, faces still agonized. Again the big policemen would have to push back, as tenderly as possible, the frenzied mob which hurled itself at the wagon, clutching at the cloths covering the dead. As each ghastly figure was carried inside, wails went up, each one fancying that he detected a familiar bit of dress or recognized the shape of a head, the size of a body, or a familiar feature.

HEARTBREAKING SCENES.

The big policemen, used as they were to heartbreaking scenes, stood white-faced and grim, with jaws set hard, doing their

Residents of the neighborhood, who did not know a soul in the crowd, and had absolutely no personal interest, save that of human sympathy, turned away weeping. The women, although they wept and moaned, did noble work. While men moaned, did noble work. turned aside from the dreadful scenes, the women stayed to comfort and help. Hour by hour the crowd in front of the

station house increased. At 2 o'clock. there were at least 15,000; at 3, perhaps 20,000. Street and avenue was a struggling, jostling, half mad mass of people) The vortex was at the corner and the crowd extended down 138th street and up Alex-One could tell the patrol wagons bearing the dead were coming long before they could be seen, for the cries of women and the groans of men came ahead of them. growing louder and more dreadful the nearer to the station the wagon got. The police had to force back the crowd each time until they had made a ten-foot lane through which galloped the sweating horses

IN GHASTLY ARRAY.

Inside the station house Coroner Thomas I. Berry of The Bronx and his assistants, Dr. Thomas H. Creighton and Dr. John H. Riegelman, had made arrangements for identifying the dead. The Coroner sat at a table in a corner of the room. In front of him was piled a heap of identification slips, ready to be filled in. The process of filling those in will be remembered by Coroner Berry to the day of his death. When his task was finished he was sick physically and

As fast as the bodies were carried in on stretchers, some with faces covered by a bit of skirt or a wet handkerchief, and others quite uncovered, their wide open eyes staring upward, their faces twisted by the agony that was upon them when they died, they were laid upon the bare board floor of the great square room. They lay side by side in regular rows, the women in the centre of the room, the little childrensome of them with a smile upon their facesin a corner. There were no men, nothing but drowned women and children. Few showed traces of the fire. One or two were burned about the hands or arms, or had hair and eyebrows singed, but it was death

Time after time the patrol wagons made their dreadful trips from the river. Again and again policemen carried in stretcher loads. Then, when thirty-seven bodies had been laid out, Coroner Berry gave the word for the police to admit the crowd out-

IDENTIFYING THE DEAD

The first into the room was Joseph Vollmer of 123 First avenue, a small, middle-aged man. Gently pushed forward by a big policeman, he came to the centre of the room and stopped, his knees giving way under him. He looked fearfully at the rows of dead, gasped and covered his face with his hands.

Then he started the terrible task of trying to find his wife and children. The room was full of newspaper men and policemen All watched him, breathless. Later no one watched anybody. It became too

common a sight.

Vollmee, trembling and weeping, passed

leave, convinced that none of his loved ones was there, when a gray plaid skirt caught his eye. He cried out like an animal in torture and fell forward on the body of a woman. He didn't need to lift the cloth from her face. The dress that he had seen her put on in the morning when she bade him good-by and started for the boat hand in hand with their three children told him all that he did not want to

Policemen lifted him up and took him to the Coroner's table, where, sobbing, he gave, bit by bit, the necessary facts identification. His children, Joseph and Minnie and the little baby, were not there, although the frantic man scrutinized every tiny figure in the corner where the dead babies lay.

A big German, Franz Boeger, whose

child and wife had gone from their home at 910 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, to the boat, came stumbling into the room. It did not take him long to find the baby face he sought, that of his little three-yearold daughter, Florence, whose body lay in the corner with the other drowned children. Boeger did not cry. He acted as if he could not, but the awful silence and calm and the whiteness of the man's face were more terrible than the frenzied screams of others.

By threes and fours the police let them in from 1 o'clock until 6 in the evening For five hours the tragedy of grief-crazed men and women bending over those drowned women and babies went on. The cenes varied little when identifications were Women and men, it was all the same: a frightened, fearful glance, a sudden change in the face, a scream that tore its way from the heart, and a storm of grief that shook the tortured mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters until they were led out by the police and taken to their

ONE OF THE SAVED.

Through it all, her big blue eyes looking straight ahead, her little face quite serene and untroubled, sat a baby girl of four in a big chair at the side of the room. She had come out of the burned boat somehow, nobody knew how, and her yellow hair and bright red dress were as neat as a pin, with not even a drop of water to spoil its prettiness. Her eyes travelled all about the room taking in the dreadful figures in the floor, some of them stretched at her feet. She watched the screaming women and the moaning men curiously, obviously puzzled as to what it was all about. She wasn't frightened at the dead, or shaken by the experiences she herself must have passed through. Hour by hour, she sat in her big chair until a white-faced man burst into the room. Then she scrambled down:

"Oh, papa," cried the baby. "Where have you been, and where is mamma and brother and sister and baby?"

The father, who was Charles Kregler of 257 Avenue B, caught up the child in an agony of love and held her close for minutes before he spoke. His wife and Lizzie, the yellow-haired little maiden, together with three other children, had been on the boat. Lizzie he had found, the only child alive in that place of dead children; but his wife and the other children were not there, living or dead. That alone convinced him they had perished. Otherwise, they, too, would have been there. He went away sobbing, holding the child close to him and the last thing the reporters saw of them was a wealth of yellow hair, a red dress and a happy baby smile.

SEEKERS WHO DID NOT FIND.

Hundreds passed through the room who searched for their dead but failed to find the face they feared to recognize. One man, Charles Shoeffling of 189 Third avenue, was on the verge of insanity. He bent over the body of a large woman and "It is my wife! My God, it is my Mary!

The police tried to calm him, and he started along the row of corpses. Another dress that looked familiar caught his eye, Two policemen went with him arm in arm, appealing to him to be calm, to look close and to make no mistake. A third time he thought he recognized his wife and screamed, until, at last, the police took him away, convinced that the man was mad temporarily from the frightful shock of Before he went he told Coroner Berry that Mary Shoeffling, his wife, and Eddie and Elsie, his children, 10 and 3 years old, had been on board the burned steamer. A friend of the Rev. George Doehring, missionary at Ellis Island, came to the station to ask the Coroner if Mrs. Doehring and her three children had been found He was told that they had not been brought

"My God in Heaven, what will Doehring do when he hears this?" he said. "He is out of town and won't be back until tomorrow. His wife Ida, and Gustave, his boy, and Edna and Ida, his little girls, went on the trip. I never knew a man who loved his family like George Doehring. Preacher or no preacher, he will go crazy when he hears it.

The man was told to go to the Morgue to search. The same advice was given to hundreds more whose meiancholy quest was without result, and happy, at least, in that the worst was not a certainty. No one knew what waited for these on the beach at North Brother Island, or at Riker's Island or at Bellevue. Not a man or a woman who came to the police station looking for a relative and went away without finding, took heart of grace, or any joy at all from the respite. None was there but was fearfully certain that the worst awaited him or her somewhere. The police told every one that from 500 to 700 had been lost, and all concluded that his mother or his father or his child was

among the passengers who were lost. The Rev. J. G. Schultz of 9 Madison street, Mount Vernon, a friend of Pastor Haas of St. Mark's, went to the station to look for the pastor's wife and children. Mr. Schultz had been on the boat. He had got sepa rated from the Haases in the frightful panic.

WHAT A COOL HEAD DID.

Mr. Schultz said: "I was aft, on the upper deck, with perhaps seventy-five children playing around me, when the cry of 'Fire' startled everybody and turned the merry-makers into a mob of raging animals. When the rush for the rail began I threw myself in front of all the little tots that were near me, herding them toward the Brooklyn side, away from the fighting mob trying to leap over the railing on the New York side.

"I kept the children as quiet as possible telling them there was no danger and swinging a heavy walking stick to keep frenzied men and women from crushing my little flock. They were all German children, and rather curiously unemotional and silent even in such awful circumstances. Theu, when I thought we could bear the heat of the flames no longer, a tugboat came and took off the children, probably fifty, and myself. I don't remember the tugboat. I think there were perhaps twenty-five women taken off at the same time.

"The boat burned squarely through less than ten minutes. Why on earth the captain did not turn for the Sunken Meadup and down the rows. He was about to ows on The Bronx shore I don't know. He

pould have made either bank in two minutes. No man there can remember all those terrible scenes. I saw, perhaps, 500 rush for the rail on the Bronx side. The boat neeled over and the rail broke. Women and children by the score were pitches forward by the weight behind, and hurled into the river screaming. I saw children who had been playing together, clasp their tiny arms around each other's neck and jump together. Several little girls had been playing horse with long cords. They went over, too, the cord wound all about them, holding them together. William Pullman, a Maiden Lane jeweller and his family were on board So were Charles A. Anger, the Sixth avenue tailor and superintendent of the St. Mark's Lutheran Church Sunday school, with his family They may have been drowned. I haven't heard of them

"I think there were about 1,500 on board the Gen. Slocum. There were 988 tickets sold to adults, I was told, and my own idea is that there were at least 500 children on the boat. It seemed to me when we got in at Third street that every smiling, happy, mother had two or three children with her. I must have seen at least 200 children forced into the river by the panic-stricken rush of the older people.

"The cries of those mothers calling their children as the boat burned will ring in my

ears as long as I live."

THE SLOCUM'S PEOPLE. For two hours, while the pathetic scenes of identification were going on, part of the crew of the General Slocum sat in the room trying not to look at the dead, telling their

stories to reporters.

Capt. Van Schaick and his first pilot, Van Wart, sat side by side, both old men, gray, slender, brown as coffee berries, but hardy and muscular. Both were dripping wet and the water from their clothing ran across the floor in little rivulets to the bodies stretched near by. The captain and the pilot repeated over and over, in dead, expressionless voices that sounded ourious n that turnult of grieving, suffering men and women, things they had seen as they ran the General Slocum to the beach on North Brother Island. "It was not our fault," they said time and

again. "We did what we thought was best. The tide was running too strong to turn into the meadows or The Bronx shore. Then, after a bit, the captain said:

"It was a good boat. I went over he myself last night and everything was all right. God only knows what caused the fire. It may have started among the niggers in the kitchen." Men who came in to look at the dead

saw the captain and the pilot. Some glanced at them flercely, their faces working in anger, and the big cops, watching every move of the grief-crazed mob, kept close to the officers of the General Slocum A negro, burly, six feet tall and more sat wrapped in a blanket, the pains of his burned body distorting his coal-black face. He was Henry Canfield of 421 Tenth

avenue, cook of the General Slocum. "That fire did not start in the kitchen. he said. "It started in the porter's roo

among his lamps and supplies. Canfield did not know who the porter was or just how the fire might have started n the porter's room, but he insisted that this was the fact. He repeated that the fire did not originate in the kitchen, as had been said by other members of the crew.

Mike Lee, a firemen, and Deckhands Thomas Cullen, J. Corcoran, J. Coughlin, Dan O'Neil, Matt Plunkett, John Brennar and Billy Trimble were saved from the crew of twenty-three, the captain said. Most of them came to the police station burned and water soaked to tell their stories to the Coroner. Three of the crew, they said, were missing. Mike McGrann, the steward John Tyson, fireman, and John Brennan partender, had not been accounted for Each man had some thrilling story of rescue to tell, although none knew by name whom he had saved or what had become of the

survivors afterward. BRAVE MATE FLANAGAN

Edward Flanagan, mate of the General locum, was at the station house. He was cut, bruised, scratched and burned. Flanagan's conduct, by all accounts, was that of a brave and strong-headed man. He kept his head level and his wits working. stuck to the boat until the fire drove him into the river, and saved scores of children and women. Flanagan says that he got perhaps fifty children into tugboats and launches, together with a score of women.

"One unfortunate thing," said the mate, was that so few of those people could understand English. When the officers and crew of the boat tried to make them understand the necessity of calmness and tried to keep them quiet with cool words it was all lost through ignorance of what was being said. I did my best to get streams of water on the fire, but I and my men were absolutely powerless to work in that charging, plunging, fighting, acreaming mob. When I saw the boat was a goner I did the best I could to keep kids from being trampled under foot.

"It was awful. There are not any words that can describe it. Women and children were trampled upon, knocked down and hurled headlong overboard. The weight of the shoving crowd smashing against the port guard rail broke it as if it had been made of toothpicks instead of good iron and oak. Then a whole mass of people simply toppled forward into the river. God knows how many. There may have been 500."

PATROLMAN GOSS'S GOOD WORK. Daniel Goss, a patrolman of the Alex ander avenue police station, on clerical duty, did brave work at the fire. Goss was on a fireboat when the burning General Slocum came up the river. He climbed upon the paddle wheel and helped get at least sixty women and children on board the fireboat. Then he jumped into the river, throwing away his uniform coat with badge attached. That was picked up later and it was rumored Goes had been

"Goss hauled two women into a row boat, saved three children who were clinging to a narrow piece of the guard rail and assisted in getting bodies ashore at the 138th street pier on the Bronx side. Then he went to the police station and worked all day, fighting back the crowd, helping in the task of identification and doing anything his hands found to do. He is big and brawny and young, but he was near fainting by 6 o'clock.

In the police station, some of them cling-ing to twisted, battered horns, were several members of the German band that was playing blithely when the fire started. George Maurer's Miltary Band, it was George Maurer was the leader and mourned the loss of a \$300 violin. The others were August Schneider of 322 Stanhope street Brooklyn; Julius Wuhl of 283 Himroth stree Brooklyn; William Zimmerman of Brooklyn, John Buhl of Eighth street, George Dillmuth and Ikey, a drummer boy, whose last name no one seemed to know. the musicians were saved, it was said at the police station.

At 4 o'clock it was announced to th waiting crowd that no more bodies would be laid out at the station house for identi-fication. All waiting were advised to go to Bellevue, or Lincela Hespital or the Morgue

In an hour or two, the crowd had thinned materially, but until late last night the streets nearby held thousands. Twentyone bodies at the station were identified. During the afternoon every foot of the

way had to be guarded to keep the street clear for the patrol wagons.

Every one who came from North Brother Island or Riker's Island was surrounded and besieged with questions. One pretty German woman who could talk no Englis fell on her knees and threw her arms around a policeman who had just come from North Brother Island, begging him to tell her if he had seen her little girl, who had gone

on the steamer with some friends' children He could tell her nothing.

Catholic priests were in the crowd who went about comforting the afflicted, beseeching them to be calm and wait, telling them that there was no use giving way until definite evil was known. Many of these could speak German and their labors pore fruit.

The shore of the river was massed with people until nightfall. Inspector Albertson estimated that 150,000 had been in the vicinity of the 138th street pier during the

CAPTAIN'S TALE OF HORROR. He Covers His Eyes as He Tells of Seeing the Innocents Die.

Capt. W. H. Van Schaick, who commanded the General Slocum, Edward Van Wart, his first pilot, and Edward N. Weaver, second pilot, all of whom jumped overboard and wam for North Brother Island when the flames drove them from the pilot house, were arrested at 138th street near the river by Policeman Brady.

The three men, burned, dripping wet, and overcome by the horror of the things they had seen, were taken to the police station at Alexander avenue and 138th street where they were questioned by Coroner Berry, who had established his headquarters here.

Capt. Van Schaick, shaken and nerve hattered, told his story by fits and starts, constantly prodded by Coroner Berry.

He is 61 years of age.
"When we left the foot of Third street he said, "I was told that there were 989 adults on board from the St. Mark's Lutheran Church, nine-tenths of whom were women. There must have been at least 350 or 400 children, and perhaps 200 more who were not connected with the church.

"I had personally inspected my boat the night before, and found her in thoroughly good shape, able to handle many more persons than I know were on board. There was no inflammable material in the hull or the lower decks. We are always careful about those things.

"I was in the pilot house with Van Wart and Weaver, first and second pilots, when heard the cry of 'Fire' raised in the fore part of the steamer. I remember that the German band on board was playing, that the children were romping all over the upper lecks and their mothers and elders were singing, keeping time to the band. At first nobody in the after part of the steame seemed to realize what had happened.

"I saw a big spurt of flame shoot up and I had had enough experience with river fires to know that the Gen. Slocum was doomed. The boat was running perhaps welve miles an hour. Consequently the stiff breeze caught the flame and fanned it backward all through the open decks.

"I looked around trying to make up my mind where would be the best place to make landing. We were just off the Sunken Meadows. I thought at first of trying to run in there or somewhere along the Bronx shore of the river. But the tide was running o strong that I knew it would be a hard job to swing the boat around at right angles. I was afraid, too, that the steering gear would break down under such a strain and leave us helpless in the middle of the

"A tugboat captain saw me turn the The Bronx side. He yelled at me to keep off, as the fire would ignite the lumber stored there, and the oil tanks on the pier. Then I made up my mind to run for North Brother Island. .It seemed the best under the circumstances. I may have been wrong, but there was a chance there to peach the Slocum sidewise and give everybody a chance to get off. At the meadows or along The Bronx shore-that would have been impossible. There are too

many rocks there. "Then the panic began. I kept my eyes ahead, but it was impossible to keep from seeing the frightened scramble for the boat's side, the side toward The Bronx hore. Men fought each other, yelling ike maniacs. Women clawed each other's faces and screamed for their babies. Chiliren cried and screamed, and were trampled

under foot. "The rush to the rail on the port side of the boat caused her to heel over a little. That forced a mass of crazed men, women and children against the guard rail of the upper deck. It broke and scores, God snows how many, were pitched into the iver by the weight from behind.

"I saw Mate Ed Flannagan and yelled o him to get the fire apparatus to work. Fiannagan got all the men he could find together and rigged up two hose lines. He got these playing on the fore part of the boat, but it was like trying to put out hell itself. The flames had too much of a start and by then were roaring all through the boat, for the most part on the starboard r Brooklyn side. Besides that, hundreds of women snatched at Flannagan and his men, falling over them, pulling them down, making it impossible to work.

"The fire made the flercest and wildest blaze I ever saw. It was impossible to live near it. I saw I don't know how many stand it as long as they could and then jump into the river, some of the women aving babies in their arms, others holding fast to older children.

"I got the General Slocum beached sidewise. She stuck twenty-five feet from shore. Before that the flames had crept to the pilot house, blistering my feet. Van Wart Weaver and I got out some way, I can't tell how, and jumped into the river. We swam to shore, burned and sick, and stood around until we got a chance to get to the mainland in a small boat."

Capt. Van Schaick was a pitiable sight s he sat, huddled up in a chair, covering his eyes to keep from seeing the bodie lying on the floor of the station house awaiting identification.

The stories of the pilots were precis

the same as the captain's. Neither pilo was able to talk much. Van Wart is an old man, near 60, and was in a serious condition from the shock and burns. At 2:30 o'clock the three were remove to Bellevue Hospital to be treated and kept

had for investigation. RUSH OF BOATS TO THE RESCUE. Paint Burned From These That First Came

Up-One Tug Saved 60. One of the first tugs to reach the burning steamer was the M. D. Wheeler of Port Morris, in charge of Capt. William Noble. The Wheeler' was heading across to the Long Island a ore with a coal barge lashed

for news of their relatives and friends, to her side. She blew two whistles, telling the Slocum that she was going across her

"The Slocum didn't answer me," said Capt. Noble, "and I saw that something was wrong. There was a burst of smoke and flames, and I stopped my boat to let the Slocum go past. Folks were scrambling like mad for the stern. The fire was then right under the pilot house. The fire was on the port side, so I ran the scow up as

close as I could to the burning boat. "It was too hot to get even the soow near enough alongside for the people to reach her. Just then the hurricane deck gave way and the people simply slid off into the

right in the stern of the Slocum and was burned to a crisp before our eyes. The people fell mostly under the starboard side of the Slocum. All under her guard on that side they were so thick that many were lying on top of one another.

"Our boat caught fire, so we had to pull out. It was more than any one could stand o face the heat any longer under the starboard guard. We got thirty-five persons out of the water before we had to quit. They were mostly women and children.

A tug named the Wade was another that went to the help of the burning boat. She ran up near the port side. Every bit of paint on the Wade's starboard side was

The Wade rescued sixty women and children, some of her crew leaping overboard and dragging children out of the water. The Riker's Island launch in command of Dr. Nathan Broder of the hospital staff and skiff manned by Steward Henry Cummings and two prisoners put out as soon as it was known that the steamer was distress.

The boats rescued unhurt twelve persons all of whom were put aboard tugs. Four young boys, more or less burned, were carried back to the hospital at the

island, as was also a young woman whose burns are serious. After that the boats found only dead bodies. They picked up the bodies of ten women and three children, which were taken to the Morgue.

taken to the Morgue.

The tug D. S. Arnott was coming down the river by Riker's Island when Capt. Allie Van Etten and the crew saw the Slocum afire, whistled for help and started for her.

"We could see people climbing over the and imming from all three decks."

we could see people chiming over the rails and jumping from all three decks," said Capt. Van Etten. "The clothes of some of the women and children were on fire as they leaped overboard. Many floated past us out of reach and went down

before we could get to them.

"We got as near the steamboat as we could and succeeded in saving six women and two children. We also got fifteen dead bodies. Three of my men went overboard after the dead and drowning and the rest helped to pull them on deck."

SLOCUM HAD HAD BAD LUCK. List of Mishaps in the 13 Years She Has Been Plying These Waters.

The General Slocum was built in 1891 by Divine Burtis, Jr., in Brooklyn. She was built for the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company, and at that time was one of the handsomest and most perfectly equipped excursion steamers in this port. She was launched on April 18, 1891, and as soon as she was completed she was used for summer excursions by churches, Sunday schools and various societies, and when not chartered for those purposes ran as a public excursion boat. She was built chiefly of white oak, locust and yellow

She was 235 feet long on the water line and 250 feet on deck, seventy feet beam on deck and drew about 7 feet of water She had three decks, also built of wood, which extended the entire length of the The pilot house was on the hurricane deck, and on this deck were the lifehosts and rafts, the boats being hung on davits outboard, and the rafts lying on the deck outside the rail. On the deck below this was a large cabin, and on the main deck were the offices of the purser and those in charge of the steamer. She had two smokestacks, well forward and abreast of each other. Her maximum speed was about eighteen miles an hour

She was thoroughly overhauled this year before going in commission, and was inspected as required by law. Inspector Henry Lundberg of the local board of steamboat inspectors thoroughly examined the vessel five weeks ago. Inspector Lundberg has only been an inspector for four months, and previous to that he was for

months, and previous to that he was for several years a captain, having charge of different vessels in this port.

The General Slocum had a large steam fire pump, with hose that extended the entire length of the vessel, and it was only necessary for the engineer to open a wheel valve and a full force of water was ready for those who wanted it. She also had two hand pumps, and the hose of these two together extended the length of the vessel. She carried six lifeboats and four life rafts and the total capacity of these was 1,800 cubic feet. It is calculated that seven cubic feet is required by each person, so that the boats is required by each person, so that the boats and rafts would carry about 250 persons. There were on board 2.550 life preservers, which were in racks on each deck. On the

which were in racks on each deck. On the inspection a license was issued to the General Slocum to carry 2.500 passengers.

The General Slocum had had many mishaps since she was launched thirteen years ago, but none of them had been very serious. On Aug. 14, 1891, four months after she was launched, she ran aground on a mud bank at Rockaway Beach and two days later she ran into the steamer Monmouth off Pier 6, North River, and was slightly damaged.

mouth off Pier 6, North River, and was slightly damaged.

While returning from Rockaway Beach on July 29, 1894, she ran aground at Rockaway Inlet and there was a panic among the passengers. On August 15 of that same year she, went aground off Manhattan Beach in a storm. The passengers were taken off by the steamboat Angler and brought to the city. On Sept. 1, 1894, the Gen. Slocum backed into the tug Robert Sayre and was disabled. At that time she had 400 passengers on board, and she drifted helplessly until picked up by two tugs.

She was in collision on July 8, 1898, with the steam lighter Amelia off Pier 12, East River.

River.

On July 14, 1901, the Slocum, with 750 passengers on board, went aground on a bar about five miles off Barren Island. She was on her way back to the city after having made a short excursion out to soa.

On June 15, 1902, when she had 2,000 passengers on board, she stuck hard and fast passengers on board, she stuck hard and last on a bar in Jamaica Bay, and the passengers were on board the greater part of the night. They were finally taken ashore in small boats. On July 6, 1902, the Slocum and the Thomas Patten collided off the Battery.

THE SORROW AT HAAS'S HOME. Street Before the House Filled-Story of the Rescue of the Paster.

The first news of the disaster that reached the neighborhood of the church came over the telephone from the police to the home of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. C. C. F. Haas, at 64 Seventh street. That was at about 11 o'clock. Mr. Haas's twenty-year-old son George

was the only member of the family at home. His father and mother and his younger sister Gertrude, were on the boat, and with them also were his grandmother, Mrs. Hansen, and his two aunts, Miss Emma Haas and Mrs. W. B. Tetamore of 1471 Hans and Mrs. W. B. Tetamore of 1471
Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn.
The report which young Hans got was
blunt. It was that there had been a terrible
catastrophe on the General Slocum and that
most of those on board were probably killed.
Young Hans turned his attention to
preparing to meet the crowd of griefstricken ones that he knew would besiege
the parenage.

Apollinaris

Bottled only at the Spring, Neuenahr, Germany, and only with its own Natural Gas.

The Lancet, Jan. 30, 1904

began to ring almost incessantly. Young

began to ring almost incessantly. I come Hass answered every call personally, and even against his own beller, tried to reassure the fearful ones.

Meanwhile the newsboys had begun to cry their extras in the neighborhood. Then it was that the first real outburst of sorrow came. Soon the streets were crowded. Men and women on the Second and Third avenue trolley lines left the cars and joined the crowd.

avenue trolley lines left the cars and joined the crowd.

Yet it was an orderly crowd and easily handled by the police. It centred around Dr. Haas's house, but as soon as it became known that no definite information was to be got there the people quickly scattered, the most of them going to the scene of the accident or to the hospitals and morgues.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before word came to young Haas that his father had been saved. It was nearly two hours later when Dr. Haas was driven home in a cab. He was hysterical, and completely worn out by his efforts' to find his daughter and wife, who have not been heard from yet.

heard from yet.

The story of Dr. Haas's rescue was told last night at his house. He was with his family on the main deck, but became separated from all but Mrs. Haas in the excitement. He clasped hands with her and jumped overboard.

ment. He clasped hands with her and jumped overboard.

Just as they struck the water a falling man hit them and Dr. Haas lost his grip on his wife's clothing. He swam around for some time, but could not find her. Then he made for North Brother Island, where he was pulled out of the water exhausted. Mrs. Haas's body was picked up near where the accident occurred and was identified late last night at the Morgue.

Dr. Haas's daughter is reported as having been seen on North Brother Island by some of her playmates, but nothing had been heard from her at the Haas house late last night. Miss Emma Haas, the pastor's sister, also jumped overboard and was picked up by a man in a boat. Mrs. Hansen and Mrs. Tetamore are still missing. Dr. Haas is burned about the face and hands. His condition is said to be serious.

President Roosevelt's telegram of symaths.

President Roosevelt's telegram of sympathy did not reach Pastor Haas last night. He was so prostrated that he had to take to his bed. He was unable even to tell his brother, the Rev. Paul Haas, of the happenings of the day.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S INQUIRY.

Garvan at Work Last Night Among Lebaner Hospital Injured.

Assistant District Attorney Garvan and Coroner Berry left the Alexander avenue station about 10 o'clock last night for Lebanon Hospital where they will conduct an investigation as to the cause of the disaster.

Mr. Garvan said he was under orders not talk about the matter and the investigato talk about the matter and the investiga-tion which would be started immediately would be conducted in secret. Before leaving Coroner Berry ordered that all the unidentified bodies in the Harlem Morgue and the Alexander avenue station be sent

to the Bellevue Morgue.

Coroner Berry of The Bronx and Assistant District Attorneys Garvan and Turnant District Attorneys Carvan and Turn-bull began their inquiry at Lebanon Hos-pital at 10:30. The first person examined was Capt. Van Schaick. Several members of the crew were examined. All the Coroner would say was that he would resume the examination at 10 o'clock this morning. One of the deckhands, William W. Tremb-ley told the Coroner that a large quantity. ley, told the Coroner that a large quantity of paint and old campatools was stored in the forward part of the steamer.

PART THE FIREMEN PLAYED. Chief Croker There on One of the Three Fireboats Which Helped.

Chief Croker of the Fire Department. went to the scene of the disaster on the fireboat Hewitt. The fireboats Zophar 4.00 Hats

Croker thought that 800 or 900 persons must have been lost.

The Zophar Mills picked up seventeen bodies, which were turned over to the police on North Brother Island. Three persons thought to be dead responded to first aid to the drowned treatment and revived.

AS POLICE RECORDS TELL IT.

Showing How the City's Machinery Works in Time of Stress.

Police Commissioner McAdoo, when he heard of the disaster, directed that every possible effort be made to relieve the wounded and care for the dead. He directed that no expense be spared; that carriages and whatever was needed be engaged or bought, regardless of the cost. He also directed that every precaution be taken to protect the three prisoners from any vio-

Police Headquarters got its first information at 10:10 o'clock. This slip was then sent in: "Steamer General Slocum or Grand Republic on fire, 188th or 140th street. East River." For the next few hours the reports and requests to headquarters were

10:12-Steamer General Slocum on fire; notified Police Headquarters. Forty-second pre-cinct , Forty-second sub. Inspectors Brooks and Smith. 10:14—Fire alarm. Lecust avenue and 158th

10:38-"To Commissioner Lantry: Steamer Gen. Slocum on fire in midstream, opposite 138th street, East River. Send all medical aid you can."

sent six doctors and two ambulances to 188th street and East River.

10:46—From Riverside Hospital—"We want all the medical aid we can get; all the doctors here you can." Notified Lincoln Hospital, Presbyterian Hospital, Flower Hospital, House of Relief, German Hospital, J. Hood Wright Hospital. Roosevelt Hospital sent two ambulances and ten nurses. New York Hospital and St. Vincent's.

10:50—"Send patrol wagons 188th street and East River; Officer Cahill of Thirty-fifth precinct." Twenty-third precinct sent reserves and patrol wagon, also 31, 30, 41, 34 and 37 likewise. sent six doctors and two ambulances to 188th

and patrol wagon, also 31, 30, 41, 34 and 37 likewise.

1038—Roosevelt Hospital sent two ambulances tweive doctors and ten nurses.

11:0—To Brooklyn Central Office—Notify all police surgeons and hospitals that Steamer Gen. Slocum, 138th street and East River, is on fire. Need all medical aid possible. Surgeons so there forthwith.

11:13—Rodies of 7 women, 2 children, 1 live woman and 2 boys on Riker's Island.

11:28—To St. Joseph's Home for Incurables: "Send all available doctors and nurses to 138th street and East River. Steamer Gen. Slocum is on fire, namber of people burned."

11:45—From St. Vincent's: "We have sent eight nurses and four doctors to 138th street, East River."

11:52—From German Hospital: "We have sent two doctors, one ambulance and two orderlies."

To Manhattan—Notify Roard of Health

sent two doctors, one ambulance and two orderlies.

To Manhattan—Notify Board of Health doctors at all public schools to go to 138th street and East River forthwith. General Slocum boat burned. By order of Dr. Blauvelt.

Police list of surgeons sent: Drs. Jennings, Brower, Palmer, McGovern, Gorman, Dan Smith, Donlin, Manack, Nesbitt.

11:56—From Lebanon Hospital, West chester avenue and 150th street: "Send all officers where to regulate crowd. We have taken in 50 patients here from Gen. Slocum."

12:02—From German depital: "We will send all doctors and nurses we can spare."

12:13—From Harlem Hospital: "Ten patients here—women and children.

12:14—From Lincoln Hospital: "About 30 patients here."

12:25—Ten bedies at Oak Point.

"Tire

occurred in forward hold of Gen. Slocum, proceeding up East River, at 138th street, with an excursion of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Sixth street, between First and Second avenues; 17 dead bodies here, 11 women and 6 children."

12:55—From Mr. Lewis, sexton of St. Mark's Church, Tenth street and Second avenue: "I was not on excursion on Gen. Slocum."

1:00—Officer Baker, Thirty-sixth precinct, reports 6 bodies on beach at Oak Point.

1:254—From Thirty-fifth precinct: "William Van Schalck, captain, and Edward Van Wart. 321 West Twenty-first street, head pilot; Edward Weaver, second pilot, here as prisoners; sent to Harlem Hospital."

12:25—Notify Detective Sergeant Feineisen his wife and daughter here all right.

"Inncon Hospital."

10:50—To Twenty-ninth, Twenty-eighth and Thirty-second precincts: "Send your reserves and petrol wagen to 138th street and East

Thirty-second precincts: "Send your reserves and patrol wagon to 138th street and East River. Hurry." and patrol wagon to 13sth street and East River. Hurry:

2.25—Thirty-fifth precinct: Bodies of 30 women and 7 children here.

3.30—Twenty-five bodies picked up along river by steamship Fidelity: to Morgue.

3.30—Reported 132 bodies on way to Morgue at foot of East Twenty-sixth street; 50 bodies on one boat and 82 on another.

Inspector Brooks was ordered to go to the scene and take personal charge of the police. The Fire Department was of the police. The Fire Department was called on for boots, the Board of Health for doctors, and Francis J. Lantry, Commissioner of Correction, for boats and medical aid. The Board of Health had 100 physicians at the public schools vaccinating, and through the Police Department all those were communicated with and sent to The Bronx.

When Inspector Brooks arrived he began sending for reserves and soon had with

sending for reserves and soon had with him Inspectors Albertson and Smith, and all the captains of the Bronx precincts. In all the captains of the Bronx precincts. In all about 600 policemen were sent to the scene of the accident from the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx. It was said at Police Headquarters that this was probably the largest number of men ever sent out at one time on an emergency call. After having done all he could at Police Headquarters, Commissioner McAdoo, accompanied by Secretary Howell, left for North Brother Island.

The following reports were received at

The following reports were received at Police Headquarters in the course of the

evening.:

Officers Abel R. Van Tassel and Charles Kelk report that while they were aboard the General Slocum fire broke out in the forward hold as the boat was off 118th street.

Van Tassel was then on the main deck and Kelk on the hurricane deck. They remained aboard, watching and aiding women men and children put on life preservers, and did not attempt to save themselves until the boat was beached at North Brother Island. Then the hurricane deck fell in and both officers (Van Tassel and Kelk) were thrown overboard, but managed to reach the beach. They remained there dragging men, women and children to the shore. Officer Kelk was severely burned on both hands, and Officer Van Tassel was injured about the hards and body.

The East 126th street precinct reports the finding of the body of a woman, about 32 years old, 5 feet 6 inches in height, wearing a white waist, black skirt, lace shoes, black corset and a wedding ring. There was \$1.58 in cash on her person.

Albet Kelb. 21 years old, was removed. in cash on her person.

Albet Kolb. 21 years old, was removed from his residence to the Fordham Hospital. He had been on the General Slocum, and was mentally decays ed.

Kennedy

\$3.00 Nobby Little Hats \$1.90 English split and sennet Braids with amatier brims are it this season—plain black and fancy bands.

Hand made Sennet and Split Braids 1.20, 1.49, 1.65

at 2.40 10.00 South American Panamas 4.80 A big bargain in 2.00 Sennet Hats

CHELSEA THAVE T. M. STEWART.

MARRIED.

ELIOT-BYRD.—At the Church of the Incarnation.
Wednerday, June 15, by the Rev. Dr. Charles C.
Tiffany, Lucy Carter, daughter of George
Harrison Byrd, to Dr. Ellsworth Ellot, Jr. UNTINGTON—BUTLER.—On Wednesday, June 18, 1904, at St./James's Church, St. James, L. I.. by the Rev. William H. Huntington, D. D. assisted by Archdeacon William Holden, Susar OULAND-DWIGHT.-June, 15, 1904, Walter Or-lando Rouland to Minnie Torrey Dwight.

DIED.

FITZPATRICK.—At High Falls, N. Y., Mrs. Mary Pitzpatrick, mother of the Rev. M. J. Fitz-patrick of New York City. Funeral at Rosnedale, Ulster county, at 10:30 A. M. Saturday, June 18. GILMAN.—On Tuesday, June 14, 1904, at Syracuse,
N.Y., Francis Raynor, widow of the late Arthur
Gilman of this city.
Interment at Syracuse, N. Y. (Boston papers

HEADLEY .- At Newburg, N. Y., on June 14, 1904. Anna Aliston, widow of Joal T. Headley. Funeral private. Kindly omit flowers.

JACKSON.—At Newark, N. J., on Tuesday, June 14, 1904, Frederick Wolcott, eldest son of John P. and Elizabeth Wolcott Jackson, deceased, in the 71st year of his age.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, at his late residence, 656 High st., Newark, on Saturday, June 18, at 3 o'clock P. M.

LATHROP.—At Chicago, Ill., on Tuesday, June 14, 1904, Elizabeth M. Lloyd, widow of Raiph P. Lathrop, of Albany, N. Y. Funeral at Albany on Friday, June 17.

oclelland .- June 15, 1904, James H. Moclel land, aged 67 years.

Relatives and friends, also members of Chelsea Division, Chelsea Section, N. Y. Council, Royal Arcanum, and Knickerbocker Lodge, A. O. U. W., are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at funeral chapel of Frank Campbell Burial Co., 241-248 West 23d 81.

THAYER .- On Tuesday, June 14, 1904, Mary Emily Thayer, beloved daughter of the late Joseph H. and Elizabeth M. Thayer.

Funeral from her late residence, 1790 Amsterdam av., on Friday, June 17, at 9 A. M., thence to Church of St. Catherine of Genoa, 1534 St and Amsterdam av. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend. Laterment at St. Raymond's Cemetery.

CEMETERIES.

Great Pinelawn Cometery, 2,315 acres: Bearly miles square. Office. 46 West 24th st., N. Y.